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ALLEN WALL PAPER & PAINT CO.



Daniel O'Connell Moloney, Ally.

By M. J. PHILLIPS.

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Attired for the opera, Morgan Tremaine stepped into the elevator at the twelfth floor of the Alameda, where he had his apartments.

"Good evening, Daniel O'Connell Moloney," he said gravely to the knickerbockered and freckled elevator boy.

Daniel O'Connell grinned cheerfully and whistled through a gap in his front teeth by way of reply. They were sworn friends, the two.

At the tenth floor the car stopped, and the door slid back. Tremaine removed his hat ceremoniously. Mrs. Alderton Ten Eyke, also theaterward bound, large and determined in appearance, marched in. At sight of the young attorney she sniffed, a slight, ladylike, well bred sniff, but nevertheless a sniff. Miss Marjorie Ten Eyke, young and slender, dark eyed and lovely, followed her mother. She did not look at Tremaine, but the faintest hint of added color appeared for a moment in her smooth cheeks.

Arthur Benscoter, carelessly a fiercely upturned mustache, which emphasized his sparse five feet five, brought up the rear. Sixty-five inches are not impressive, but a hundred thousand dollars for every inch of it is rather a good average, which the militant Mrs. Ten Eyke fully appreciated.

So did Tremaine, with a hungry glance at his lovely former fiancée. When one is a struggling lawyer, just beginning to see light ahead after a two years' battle with callous New York, one gives due consideration to a half dozen millions, especially when the other fellow has them.

"Two months of it," mused Tremaine mournfully, despite his jaunty bearing, when he had reached the street. "Two months without a look or a nod or a smile—because I danced too much with that little Rivers girl! I was a fool to do it and a fool to quarrel over it with Mrs. Ten, on the lookout for Mammon every minute. In her eyes I am a 'careless barrister,' as the English novels say. And little Benscoter isn't a man; he's just a bank—and a mustache. Marjorie can't like the fellow. Still constant pressure will have its effect sooner or later. If only something would come up to break the ice," and Tremaine got so interested in imagin-

again, to all of which Tremaine, joyously absorbed in a great, stupendous idea, paid not the slightest attention.

His high spirits were mysteriously communicative. That evening Daniel O'Connell, in an endeavor to outdo previous callophor performances, almost blew a tooth out. His small chest was puffed like a pouter pigeon as he laid a crisp five dollar note in the lap of his mother.

The wintry afternoon was closing as Miss Ten Eyke, in a house gown which to the masculine eye made her beauty simply bewildering, called the elevator to the fourteenth floor of the Alameda.

She had spent the afternoon with a girl friend, and as the car stopped her heart beat a little more rapidly over a certain possibility—that she might encounter Tremaine—for Miss Marjorie was very much in love with the young lawyer, despite their quarrel.

She invariably explained to herself at this annoying quickening of the pulses that it was fear, not hope, which made her feel so. Daniel O'Connell approved of Miss Marjorie. She had nice eyes and a friendly way of looking at "a fellow." Sometimes they talked about elevators and books and a guy not having any chance to go to school and how it was a good thing to study nights.

He was a stanch little partisan, too, and talked of his friends of the other sex, chief of whom was Mr. Tremaine. And, although when the conversation turned on the lawyer it usually became a monologue, Miss Marjorie was a good listener. Her eyes would grow soft, and she would sigh a little. One day when Daniel O'Connell gleefully told of a case which Tremaine had just won she gave him a quarter.

"Down!" said a masculine voice, and Miss Ten Eyke's fear—or hope—was realized. The car stopped at the twelfth floor for Mr. Tremaine. He removed his hat with that air of impersonal courtesy which is so annoying when a person is willing to accept an overture of peace. Of course she had returned his ring and sent back his notes unopened and refused to speak to him, but that was two whole months ago. Why couldn't he have been more persistent? Didn't he know a girl could change her mind? Oh, dear! The tenth floor, and he wasn't going to even look—

Swish! The car seemed to drop from beneath their feet. They were falling! An agonized vision flashed into Marjorie's mind, a vision of herself lying crushed and broken at the bottom of the shaft. With a cry which struck remorse to the hearts of the plotters, she turned to Tremaine, hands outstretched.

"Morgan, dear, save me!" And when Tremaine had gathered her protectingly into his arms Daniel O'Connell neatly caught the cable again.

Mrs. Ten Eyke was spending the evening in Brooklyn, and by the glowing grate Marjorie and Tremaine planned the wedding down to the last bridesmaid.

"I'd like to have Daniel Moloney there, too, dear," said the young man. "He's a sort of accomplice of mine—that is," hastily, "a pal. He's going to be my office boy after the 1st of the month."

"Daniel shall be there," replied Marjorie warmly as she nestled more closely to his shoulder. "I just love that boy! You don't know how much he thinks of you, Morgan. I'm so glad he's to be—she hesitated a little and blushed charmingly over the pronoun—"our office boy. It would hardly seem natural if he wasn't there."

Morgan winked at a particularly knowing coal in the grate. "Darling," he said impressively, "it wouldn't be a wedding without him."

Two and Three Letter Names of God. There are thirteen known languages and dialects in which the name of the Deity is expressed in two letters—viz: Hebrew, Al; Simonian, El; Chinese, Fo; Hindoo-Syr, Ie; Babylonian, Il; Sanskrit, Ja; Egyptian, Ju; Tamil, Ko; Yocatanese, Ku; Hindoo, Om; Far East Hebrew, On; Egyptian, Ra; Chaldean, Ur.

The three lettered name is found in twenty-one languages and provincial dialects—viz: East Indian, Aom; Hindoo, Aum; Chaldean, Bil; Slavonic, Bog (a contraction of "Bial-Bog," meaning white); Roman, Dea; Grecian, Deo; Essequibo, Dia; Hindoo, Div; Chaldean, Enu; English, God; Swedish and Danish, Gud; Persian, Kom; Hindoo, Hua; Phoenician-Babylonian, Iau; Sanskrit, Jah; Phoenician, Jao; Druidish-Irish, Job; Egyptian, Kue; Irish-Celtic, Omb; Egyptian, Pan, and Latin, Sol.

Taken all together, there are 178 languages and dialects in which as a figure of speech God is expressed in words, but in none of them is the word of overgrown proportions, the longest being "Jabubulon," a word which expressed the Deity idea according to a certain sect of Irish Druids, known as "mistletoe eaters."

Our Dirty Ancestors. The daily morning bath was by no means popular with our ancestors in the good old days, for soap is really quite a new factor in the world's life. Most of our ancestors were very dirty and dissembled the fact by the use of stinging perfumes. Washing one's hands, which was only done by the very best people, meant dipping the fingers in rosewater and drying them on a napkin. Even the Romans of the time of the decline, who were probably the cleanest as a community, simply bathed in water and rubbed themselves with oil. It sounds nasty to us, but, then, so does, for example, Chinese music, which millions of orientals think delightful.—London Answers.

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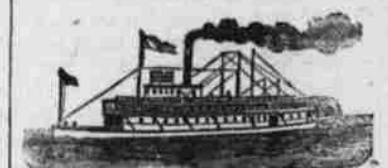
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		8.00	8.00	3.10		PORTLAND				12.15	10.00	
		7.30	9.20	4.15		GOBLE				10.55	8.40	
		7.35	9.35	4.27		RAINIER				10.40	8.25	
		8.05	10.05	4.49		QUINCY				10.08	7.50	
		8.15	10.15	4.49		CLATSkanie				9.02	7.40	
		8.32	10.51	5.23		CLIFTON				9.25	7.04	
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